

Broken Hearts

Book Five



Broken Hearts



For those who think that art is more than a monetized commodity, or a mere exercise in art history, but rather an exploration of ideas and visual experience

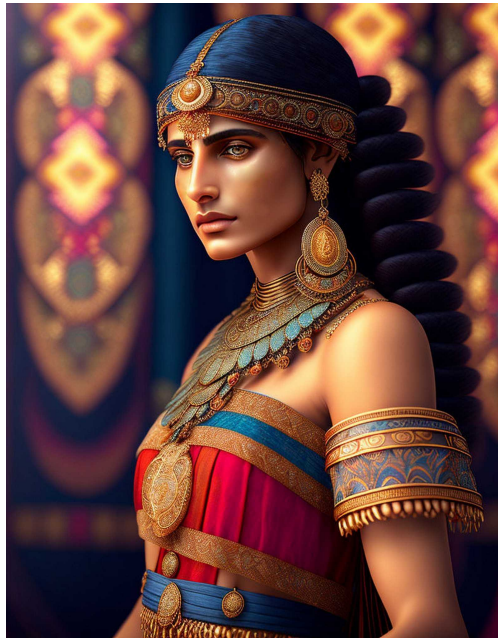
Volume 5 in a Series

Written and Illustrated by David Edwin Hill

(with gratitude to Rose Marie Hill for her support and assistance)

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1



Amara, Knossos' princess, whose beauty was so rare,
With hair so long and flowing, and grace beyond compare,
Was promised to a noble man, a warrior brave and bold,
But chose, instead, to sail away, her lover's hand to hold.

Together they defied the king, and fled into the night,
The wind was strong and sea was rough, yet love was burning bright.
But when great waves rose to the sky, to break both mast and helm,
Her lover fell into the sea, where he was overwhelmed.

Sea gods, watching from below, sometimes intervene,
To choose a fate that they decide, for a mortal being.
So Amara's life was spared, and swept to Naxos' shore,
Where natives saw her as a sign, to worship and adore.



There Amara found her destiny, and left behind her grief.
Favored by the sea gods, she was married to a chief.
Her fame was legendary, as her beauty was revered,
And all of Naxos loved the sea, a place no longer feared.



2



Galene, my mother, gave me my name,
As Eryxes of Naxos, of Aegean fame.
The soothsayer Philomon spoke of my fate,
How sea gods would one day bring me a mate.

Upon shores of Naxos, I stood and I searched,
As winds howled with fury, and mighty seas surged.
On shore the sea rose, to a height that all feared,
But then, wind abated, a maiden appeared.

Fairest of all, surely blessed on that day,
This maiden swam shoreward, to emerge from the waves.
With haste I ran forward, through the beach sand,
To rescue Amara, take her in my hand.

Now Eryxes, chieftain of Naxos, I stand,
With my dearest Amara, as we rule the land.
Our people are strong, and this is our love,
Blessed by the gods and the heavens above.



3

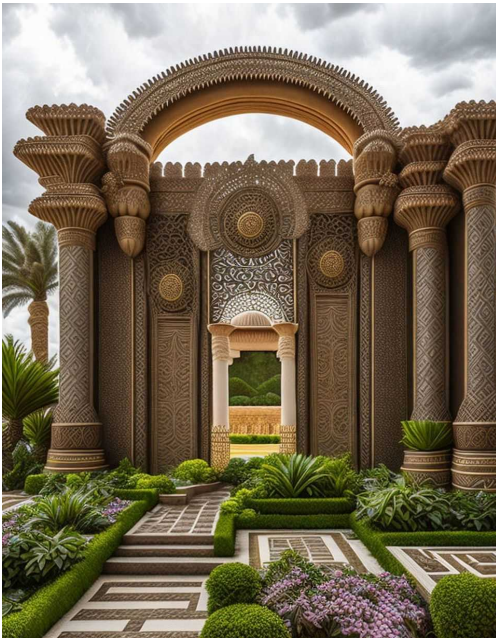


In forests so wide, so green and so deep,
Trees great and small, their long vigils keep.
Here lie the fallen, the dying, and dead,
And their role in nature must also be said.

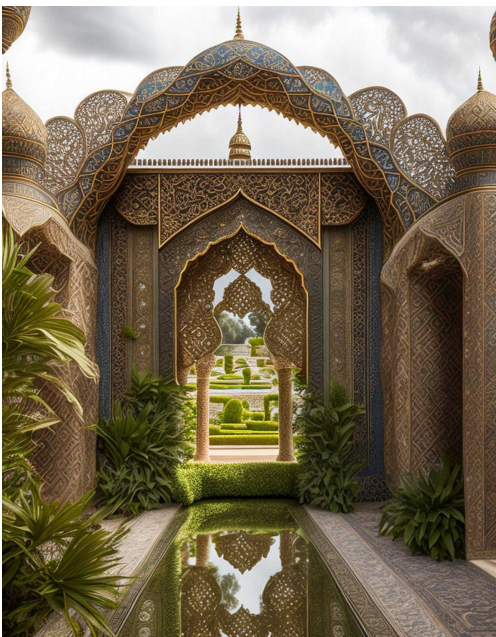
Each leaf that falls from branches high,
Provides a home where creatures lie.
Dead trees that stand, in their own place,
Make homes for birds of every race.

From drumming birds to the tiniest ants,
Decaying wood is a precious chance.
Fungi break this down, right to its core.
To create rich soil, all life to support.

But we often forget, in our endless quest,
To build our own house, to feather our nest,
That each of the trees that we take from this place,
was once someone's home, nature's glory and grace.



4



In a quest profound, two seekers roamed,
In strange and distant lands they combed,
Seeking a place, thought not to be found,
A heaven's gate, built on hallowed ground.

But one day of fate, as they journeyed on,
They stumbled upon a gate that shone.
Adorned with carved stone, and built with such care,
It stood tall and proud, beyond all compare.

Our seekers were entranced by this enchanting sight,
For nothing on Earth had such wondrous light.
Through this gate they stepped, but slowly at first,
With a feeling of peace, though they might fear the worst.

But in this bright place, where time seemed to wait,
The two found their portal, a real paradise gate.
And what is more precious than a moment of bliss,
In a world that oft' reflects the darkest abyss?



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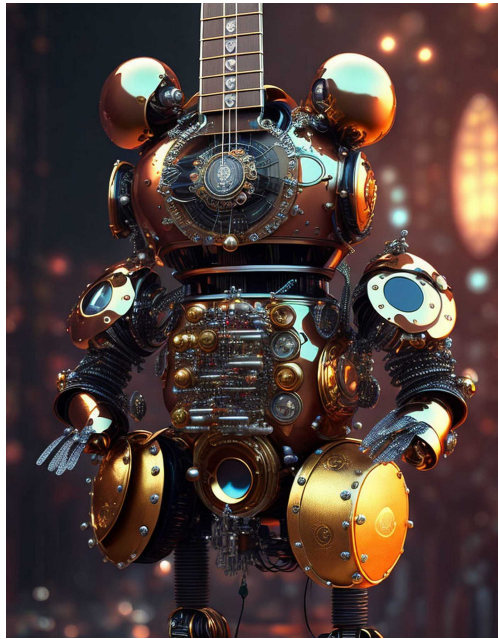


In a different position we each are born,
Some with a title, others forlorn,
Yet both assignments carry the mark,
Of unequal status, a world in the dark.

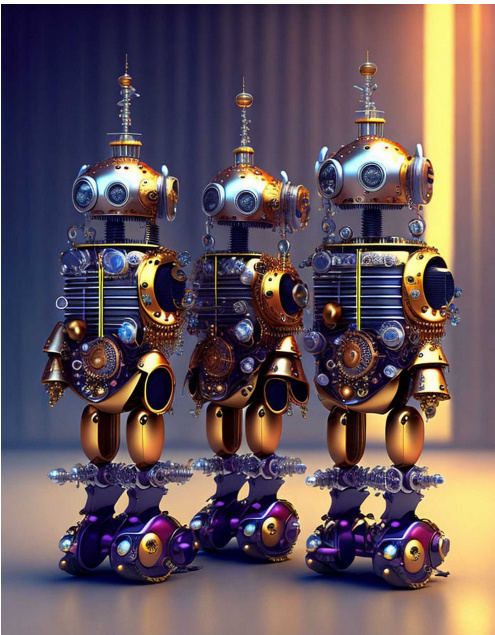
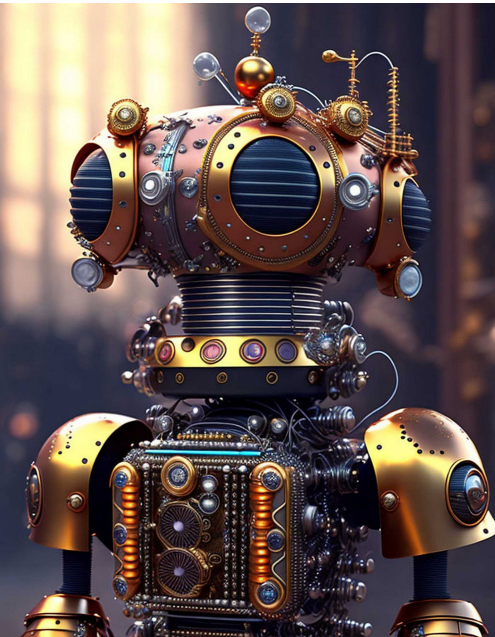
The slave is bound by chains of steel,
The noble by chains of the privilege they feel.
The fate of both is decided by birth,
Their fate predetermined, on this hard Earth.

Their paths set long before they can try,
Or show the world what they can supply.
Judged not by their will, or by their worth,
But only by bloodline of their own birth.

Their destiny seems so written in stone,
Some with ambition, as others have none.
The one lives a life, bound by royal spells,
As the other is traded, like goods on a shelf.



6



In ancient times, music was born,
By human breath and hand adorned,
With voices raised, and fingers plucked,
The sounds they made, forever stuck.

But as the years began to pass,
A new form came to head the class.
Recorded music, on demand,
In every home, on every strand.

The human touch was still alive,
But captured, now, and amplified,
No longer bound by time or space,
Music, always in our face.

But now, the future's at our door,
And music's changing even more.
Machines are learning how to play,
And soon, they'll take our breath away.



7

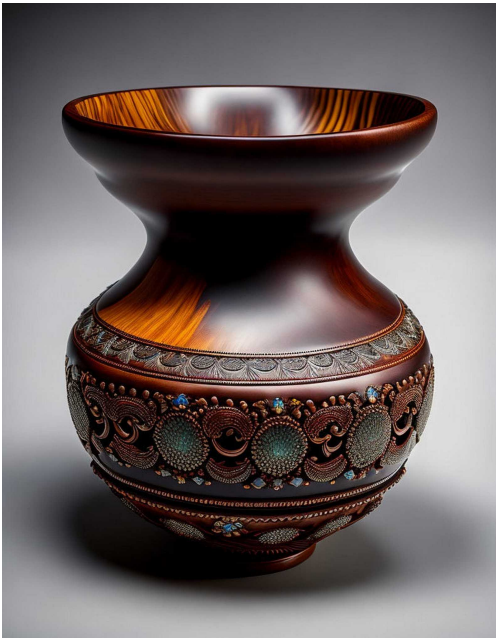


We often wonder, as machines advance,
Will they replace us, and leave us no chance?
If you think that this question is not a big deal,
Then consider the case of the potter's round wheel.

For the potter's wheel was once the best way,
To create useful art from a mound of clay.
But since machine-tooled ceramics came here to stay,
The potter's skill has been pushed far away.

Now factories churn out our vases and bowls,
Uniform and perfect, made by no human souls.
Where potters once toiled, their art is now doomed,
Their art and their craft, now gone from our rooms.

Some of us may still feel a deep need,
To own works of art, the potter to feed.
But if unique work like this has a price,
Machines will step in, to make them as nice.



8

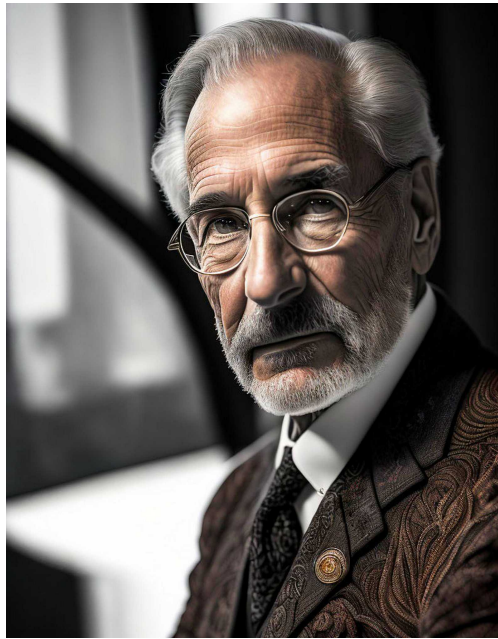
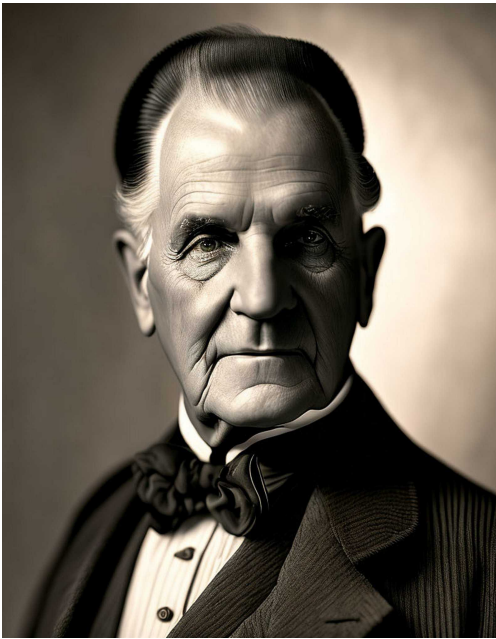


With shavings and dust, in a workshop confined,
A carpenter's hands once made art so refined.
With saw and with lathe, with glue and with knife,
He searched for the beauty in wood's inner life.

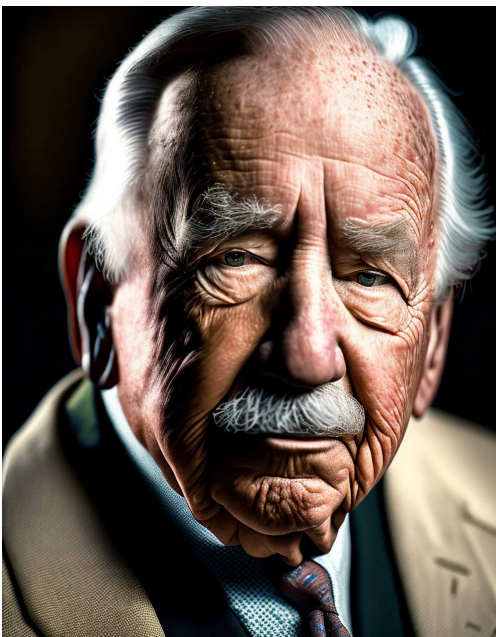
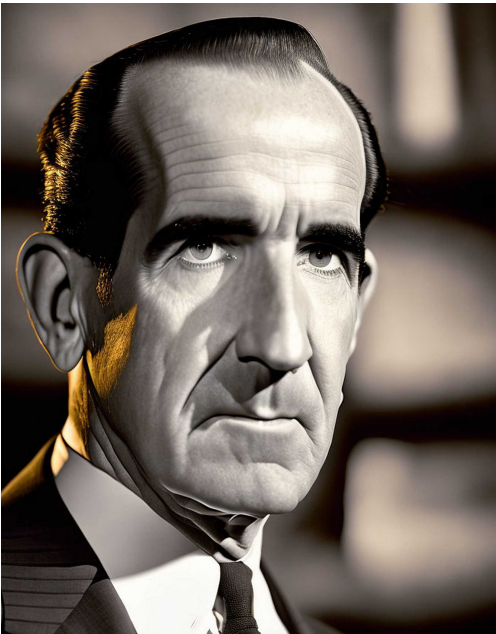
Each piece he did carve, by his skill he did make,
The beauty so found, our senses to wake.
With each careful stroke of his sharpened knife,
He brought the wood back, to a different life.

Always at work, with patience and care,
As he worked on his wood, with an artistic flair.
By aging hands, from a long life of wear,
Each piece was transformed, a legacy to share.

Our carpenter's days in the shop are now gone,
But his works of art may still linger on.
Though we long ago buried his earthly remains,
We can still hear his voice, in wood's gentle grain.



9



Some reporters are just actors, on programs that are aired,
Reading scripts from hands unseen, that have been prepared.
But some may still dare, with courage and with wisdom,
to take up a lost art, we once called journalism.

They are the ones who seek the truth, for every story told,
Not paid for propaganda, or the advertising hold.
These people are now becoming rare, as money steals the show.
And news, no longer fair, pleases those who hold the dough.

In this age of information, the line is hard to find,
Between that which is real, and the lies that intertwine.
For distortion has a value, and that value has a price,
And when the cash is offered, most will not think twice.

Honor those who strive, to keep truth burning bright,
For they will not connive, nor back down from a fight.
Support investigation, and demand that facts be true,
For we can only hope, that truth's power can break through.



10

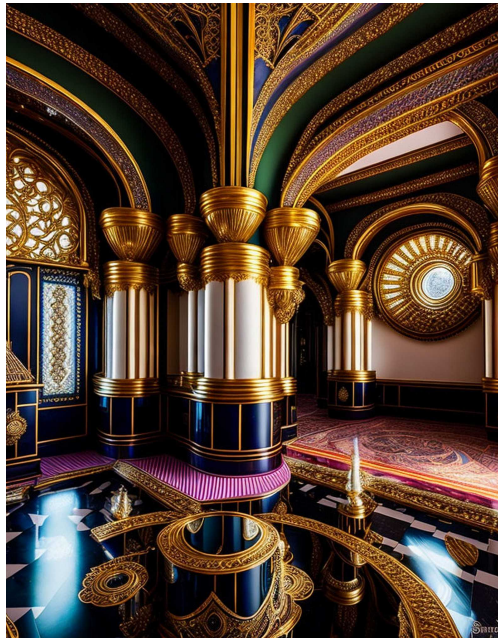
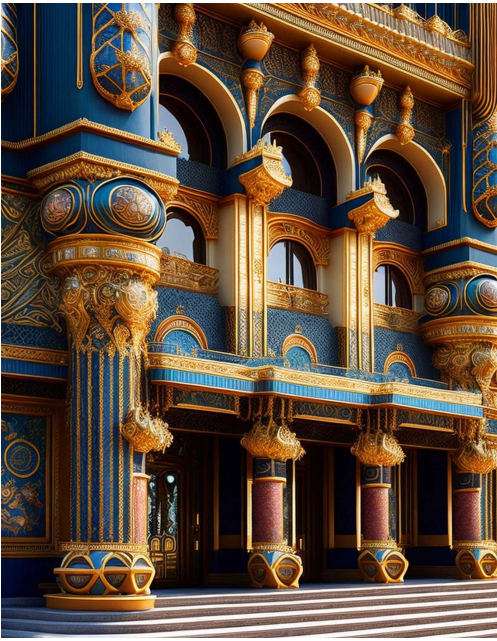


In the heart of each forest, young trees wait,
Growing in the shadows, by a twist of fate,
Under the old ones, they can only bide their time,
Growing ever so slowly, with roots firmly entwined.

Years pass by, and the young ones still remain,
Growing very thin and tall, but in the same domain,
Waiting for the old ones, to fall and clear the way,
So they can somehow reach the sky, to gain the light of day.

But as time goes on, most never get their chance,
To gain a place up high, and there to join the dance,
Yet still they wait, enduring through the years,
Against the odds they linger, but not by choice or fear.

In our many organizations, we too see the same,
As many wait for their one chance, so often all in vain,
But they endure for years on end, with their hope and grit,
Working hard, with great demands, and never do they quit.



11

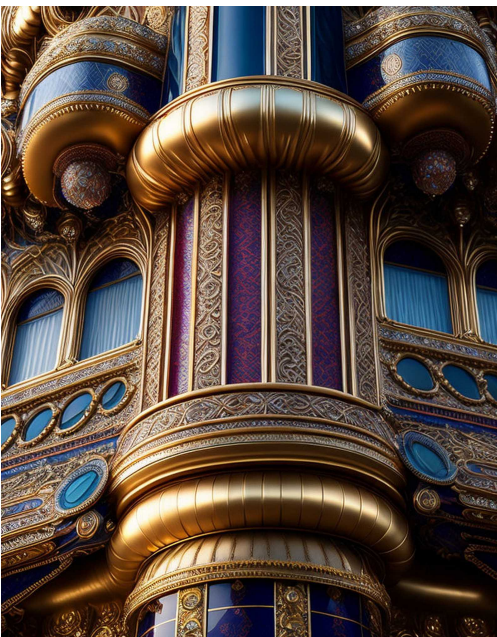


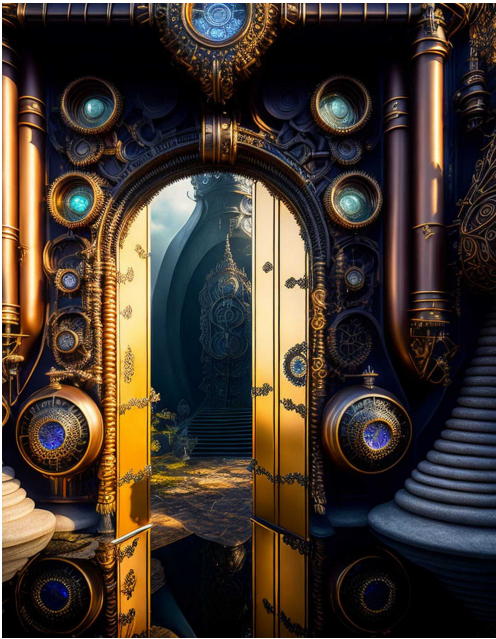
The reactions that Baroque and Art Deco bring,
So different from that Functionalism thing,
Their elaborate beauty and ornate design,
Can bring hearts to flutter and eyes to shine.

For Baroque, it was the drama and quirk,
The lavish detail and the intricate work.
Art Deco, with each opulent nook,
Made people stop for a second look.

But functional designs have a different effect,
So plain and simple, people come to expect.
Tho' bare concrete and glass may be efficient,
Its lack of beauty can be quite deficient.

For people crave something that speaks to the core,
Something that brings joy, and makes them feel more.
These buildings so crafted, from a time long ago,
Still capture the mind, as they put on a show.





12



Portals, with their alluring gleam,
May not always be just what they seem,
For beyond their veil of enchanting hue,
Dangers lurk, that we misconstrue.

A portal may lead to a world of deceit,
Where malevolent forces, a traveler may meet,
A place where nightmares at times come alive,
And the bravest of hearts, may not survive.

But those who enter, with caution and dare,
May find riches beyond, even if rare,
For even with dangers, there lies a chance,
To deal with each trial, to win and advance.

So heed this warning, and enter with care.
There are dangers unknown, and we must beware.
Yet with courage to look, and a compass so true,
A world may be discovered, something quite new.



13



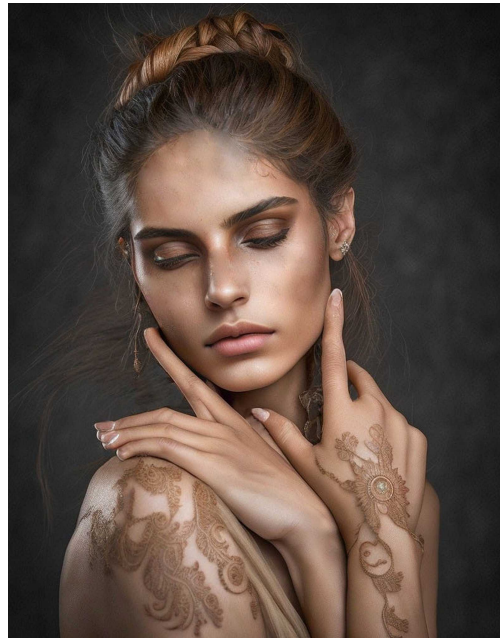
With upright stance and springy stride,
Our bodies move with grace and pride.
The mechanics of our run are art,
A symphony of muscle, nerve, and heart.

Our ancestors on the savannahs wide,
Had to be quick, they had to stride.
They ran to hunt, they ran to flee,
And running became our destiny.

As we evolved, our bodies changed,
Our legs grew longer, our stride engaged.
Our feet developed arches strong,
To keep us moving all day long.

And now we run for many a thing,
To keep us fit, and to feel the wind sing.
We run for joy, and we run for peace,
Our bodies moving with perfect ease.





14



Our hands, so wondrous and divine,
A marvel of nature's grand design,
Their extraordinary coordination,
Gave us the power of subordination.

With an opposable thumb, a useful design,
Our hands grip and hold, and so align.
Our fingers, with their precision and grace,
Allow us to manipulate, and to embrace.

But with these hands, we are no fools,
For we use them to make many tools,
Some to maim, and some to fight,
But also pens and paper to write.

And we have become a most curious beast,
As all that live are now part of our feast.
We play the game as life's greatest taker,
The result of our skills, as a tool maker.





15



In lands so far beyond our reach,
A race of giants stride and preach.
With every step, the earth does quake,
As creatures flee, and nature shakes.

These giants tower high above,
And crush all things that they can shove,
With eyes too big to see them all,
They trample life, that is their call.

And as they roam, with no restraint,
They leave a path of death and pain.
For even things they cannot see,
Are crushed beneath their massive feet.

And so it is with our own kind,
Who kill the creatures they might find.
Some do not see them, they explain.
Some, with intent, make righteous claim.





16



In far Pash'tun, where earth meets the sky,
Live the sacred Taar'im, towering high,
By legend they came from mountains so tall,
But their origin was yet a mystery to all.

One day, a young village lad lost his way,
So the Taar'im looked for him, night and day.
When they found the boy, scared and alone,
They took him home, and made him their own.

The boy grew up in the Taar'im cave,
Learning their speech, and all of their ways.
And one day a wizard, both ancient and wise,
Revealed the true source of the Taar'im disguise.

For they were once humans, cursed by a witch,
Trapped in a spell, their bodies to switch.
As giants, they found a lost cave in the wood,
Then they set out to help, whenever they could.



Deep in the Pash'tun forest, where trees stand very tall,
There lives a witch named Raven, and she is feared by all.
If by chance she meets someone, in that hoary wood,
She changes them to something else, not so very good.

Her house was built so long ago, into an ancient oak,
In that place of mystery, deep in the forest's cloak.
For creatures of the woodland, not all of them but most,
She is viewed as their protector, for many as their host.

Once a band of seekers, from a very foreign land,
Happened on her abode, their detour so unplanned.
Soon they came upon fair Raven, of the witchy race,
Impossible to look away, they gazed upon her face.

Our seekers posed no threat at all, on that very day,
Still she made them giants, and that, without delay.
Now known as the Taar'im, a band of mighty souls,
They dwell in a nearby cave, with love their only goal.





In dark and verdant deeps, in the valley of Pash'tun,
Where trees whisper hidden secrets, often to the sun,
Stands a tree or house, we simply can't decide,
For this home of Raven is, amazing, still alive.

There's more to Raven's Wood than meets a looking eye,
Far stranger than most houses, you just cannot deny.
For all who dare to enter, hear echoes of the past,
Voices of the Elo'im, who lived here to their last.

The ancient ones once lived here, before the Raven witch.
Their presence felt in every nook, and in its every niche.
Their voices haunt each room, the halls and corridors,
A reminder of dark magic lost, the kind we now abhor.

This house has many secrets, of the kind that witches know.
With a core of magic heartwood, it does still live and grow.
For in this great oak house or tree, so hollow yet alive,
Spirits of ancient Elo'im dwell, and by magic they survive.





In a far yonder land, beyond a vast and frothy sea,
Great waves crash on a rocky shore, so tumultuously.
There once lived the Elo'im, a fabled race of yore,
With music as their language, and so very much more.

Long ago as refugees, from great magician wars,
They fled in their wooden boats, to distant Pash'tun shores.
There they found a forest, so wild and so deep,
And, through magical enchantments, made this place their keep.

For Elo'im were masters, of sorcery and spells,
And they wore strange amulets, and necklaces with bells.
Their songs gave them a power, to transmute any living thing,
But mostly, they cast spells on trees, or anything so green.

The Elo'im kept the forest safe, with their magic ways,
There they kept the balance right, for their remaining days.
They were masters of their magic, yet only mortal beings,
And tho' they are no longer there, the forest often sings.





20

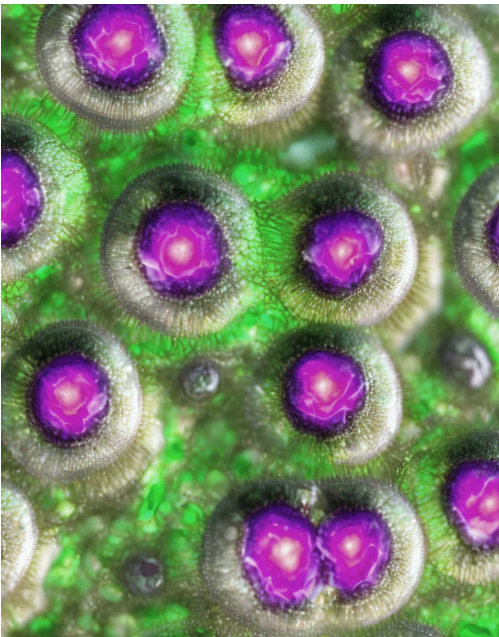
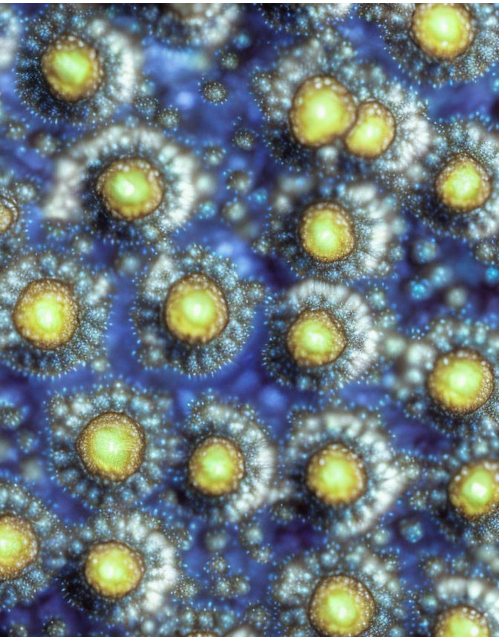
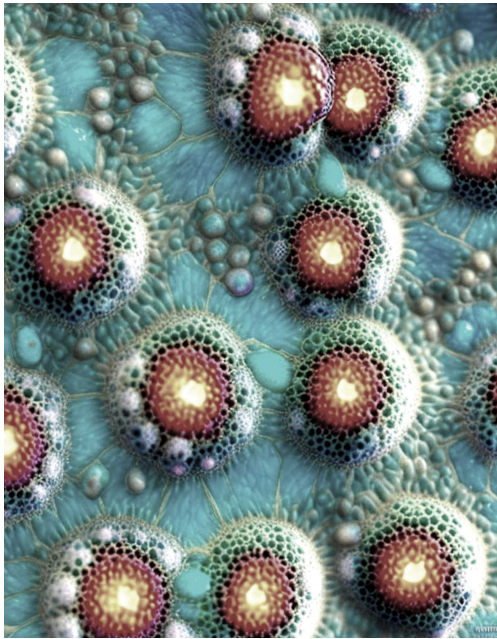


An ecosystem is much like Noah's Ark,
Where each species finds a place to park,
Just as the Ark housed so many stalls,
Each ecosystem has a niche, for each and for all.

And, just as the Ark sailed, though flood and sea,
Each ecosystem rides through time, so free.
But this stormy ride is much more than a lark,
For the passengers will never disembark.

In fact, as time moves, ever so strange,
The passengers on life's ship always do change.
With species that boarded, so long ago,
Evolved and replaced, something ever so slow.

Each ship sails on, as it is able,
The course very long, if conditions are stable.
As time goes on, life's ship grows large,
like some enormous, expanding barge.



One cell divides, and then becomes two,
then four, then eight, all ever so new.
But this division, not without interruption,
As two become one, sometimes with corruption.

Although cell lines are often disrupted,
New forms can result when one is corrupted.
As division continues, and so fancy free,
Cell lines branch, like limbs of a tree.

The cells of our body, so very diverse,
from one cell began, now a universe.
But that cell once had parents, two,
As all life is joined, so very true.

So as we gaze out upon the throng,
We stand not separate, but among,
For beyond the bounds of birth and knell,
We are all children of a single cell.

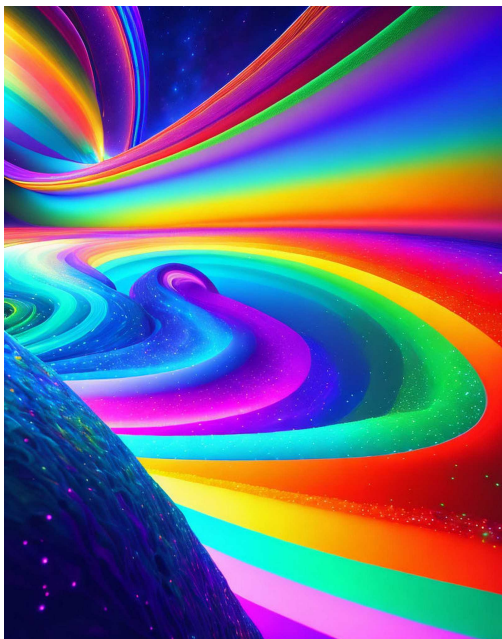


Color, ethereal and subjective,
Each of our eyes, a color detective.
We learn a new name for each spectral hue,
But do our minds share the very same view?

The photon, smallest speck of light,
Sends us a signal, whether dim or bright,
And eyes and brain then collaborate,
A solo experience, for us to debate.

Color so fluid, and never objective,
Depending on context, not so selective,
Often affected by each nearby hue,
We give color to objects, each one on cue.

We sample each color, but never the whole,
Then brain fills them in, our mind to behold.
For there is no color, some say this is true,
Though we can see whiteness, brightness, and hue.





23



Marble, this stone so divine,
A symbol of power, a substance so fine,
Quarried from rock buried deep in the Earth,
Used to make objects of considerable worth.

Long ages ago, limestone did slowly form,
Deep in the ocean, somewhere cold and not warm,
Long buried deep, with heat and with pressure,
Limestone transformed to rock, that we now treasure.

With passage of time, the sea bottom did rise.
Continents clashed, to form mountains so high.
Much later, marble, a prospector find,
Was there excavated, quarried, or mined.

Worked by sculptors with incredible skill,
Marble became art, our museums to fill.
Now marble adorns, in palace and halls,
Sculptures and pillars, vases and walls.





In arid lands, where drought abounds,
Water is scarce, and the hot sun pounds.
Yet plants survive with ease and grace,
With succulent form, life to embrace.

Their leaves and stems, a fleshy sight,
Each a reservoir that collects sunlight,
When water is scarce, they don't despair,
For they can thrive with little care.

Carbon's what they need to grow,
But scarce in air, a problem, though,
So carbon capture is their game,
To save their water, a perfect aim.

Their variety is so vast and great,
With shapes and sizes that fascinate.
From spiky cactus, to the plump aloe,
They're a wonder, and a sight to show.



25



In northern lands of ice and snow,
Lived a maiden fierce, her eyes aglow.
A warrior brave, with sword and shield,
Known to all, by the name Alfild.

She battled foes both fierce and strong,
And though she won, her heart still longed.
Not anyone could tie the cord,
Only the one who could best her sword.

Then came a day when a warrior bold,
Took her challenge, her heart to hold.
And though they fought all through the night
He took her down, at morning's light.

Alf was his name, and like a dream,
In battle he had won his queen,
There gained the love of Alfild's heart,
The one he'd fight for, never to part.



26



On a northern sea isle, near the land's end,
Lived Alf, son of Harald, and his canine friend.
They hunted the reindeer from mountain to bog,
So renowned in lost legends of far Trøndelag.

One day Alf went viking, with a band of strong men,
Led by a warror named Alfhild, seen as a man then.
But Alf watched her closely, and saw through her guise,
Then won her by combat, with fierce battle cries.

So Alf married Alfhild, his heart's true desire.
They settled on Vikna, to start their empire.
And just as did Fenrik, his wolf friend as child,
Alfhild joined Alf, as they ran free and wild.

But the spirit of viking cannot be denied,
So Alf joined fair Harald, as he fought far and wide.
Yet Alf did not pine, for his lovely bride,
As Alfhild, the warrior, still fought by his side.





27



In ancient times, an Assyrian horde,
Laid waste to their enemies, with a dark, deadly sword.
In each conquered city, left a desolate landscape,
As men, women, children all fell to their blade.

They showed no mercy to each enemy nation,
For their king had a plan, of extermination.
But some people, as captives, were taken away,
To build a city of palaces, where they would stay.

And so in Nimrud, their capital so grand,
As testament to boundless will and command,
The Assyrians built temples, to adorn their own city,
With the toil of captives, who had none of their pity.

So let it be known that Assyrians did fight,
Wars of great bloodshed, cruelty, and might.
They built a great empire, but also a blight,
And left us a history, as dark as the night.

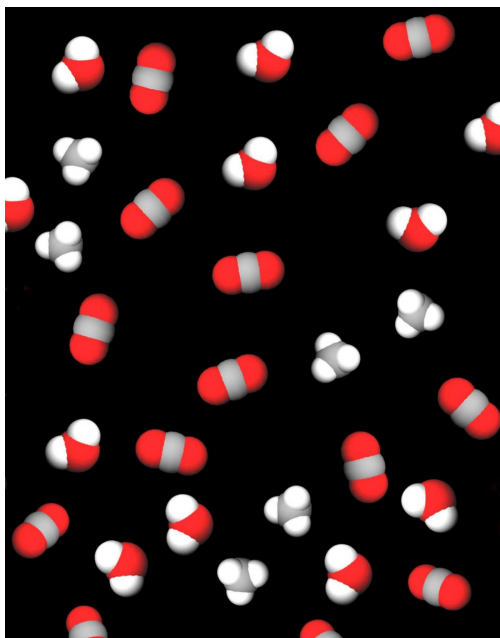
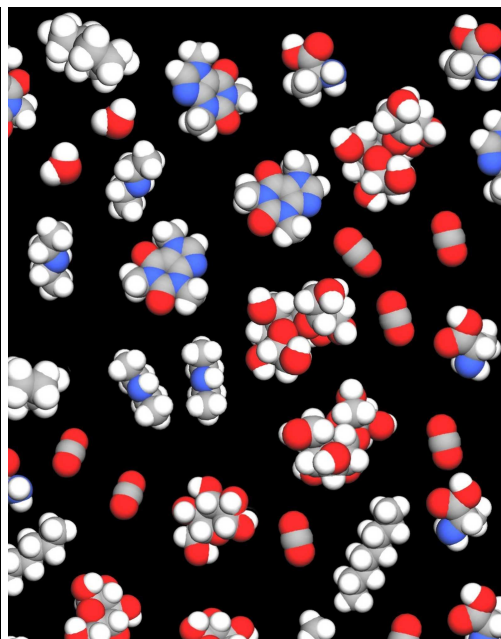
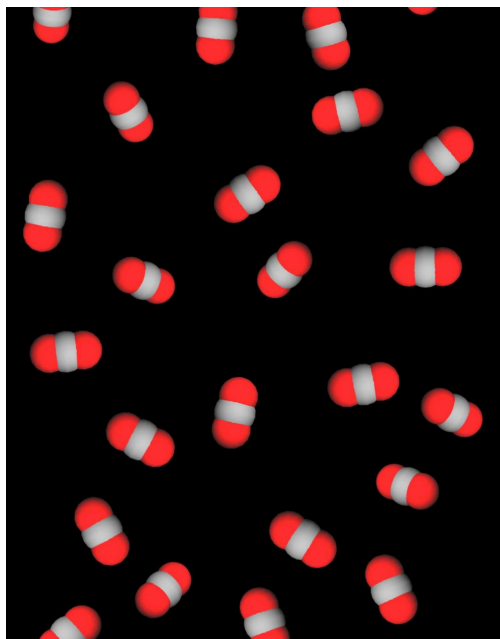


A dictionary is something, and I know what it ain't,
Not a lexicon of wisdom, but a tome of constraint.
For each word so published, through no convocation,
Is rather the tool of a large corporation.

Once fascism was the game of a corporate state,
But now it's applied to anyone that you hate.
And racist, too hot to speak under the sun,
I don't know what it is, but at least I'm not one.

The people that once were called retarded,
Are now special needs, more highly regarded.
And one day soon, those who commit homicide,
May get a much better name, like tourist guide.

But words can be tricky, with meanings unsure,
With cruel connotations that may seem impure.
So if you really wish, to speak to another,
Define each of your terms, as one or the other.

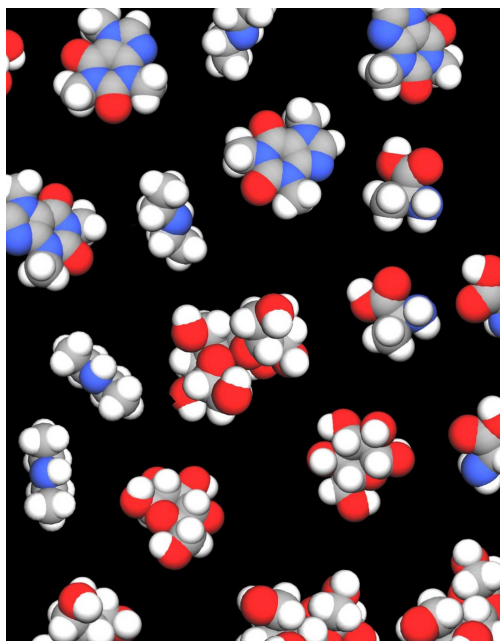


Carbon chemistry is the basis of life,
Tho' the mention of carbon is a subject of strife,
Yet carbon is something that we should not fear,
For in the absence of carbon, we would not be here.

As we exhale, we release the oxidized form,
Carbon dioxide, that is the norm.
For all of plant life, this is their need,
To separate carbon from the oxygen we breathe.

We take carbon compounds from the plants that we eat,
To build our own bodies, or to burn them for heat.
The oxidized form is produced by our fire,
Until collected by plants, there to retire.

But the cycle of carbon extends far below,
Into soil and sediment, where the cycle does slow,
At times buried deep, in deposits of rock,
Under one day released, in a volcanic shock.





A young lad named Dager lived in a big house,
Where he liked to read books, about pheasants and grouse.
His love was to study all kinds of birds,
So he read all the bird books, with all the big words.

But that day came at last, when all had been read,
So he just sat in his chair, so full of dread.
But, just in time, came a knock at the door,
And his uncle, named Jack, stepped onto the floor.

Jack gave Dager a special bird book,
One he could write in, with notes that he took.
And when Dager carried that book onto the lawn,
A very proud wren did burst into song.



From that day on, Dager read the notes that he took,
Of unusual things, one could not find in books.
Soon he learned that birds, more than just creatures,
Were melodious beings, and the very best teachers.



31

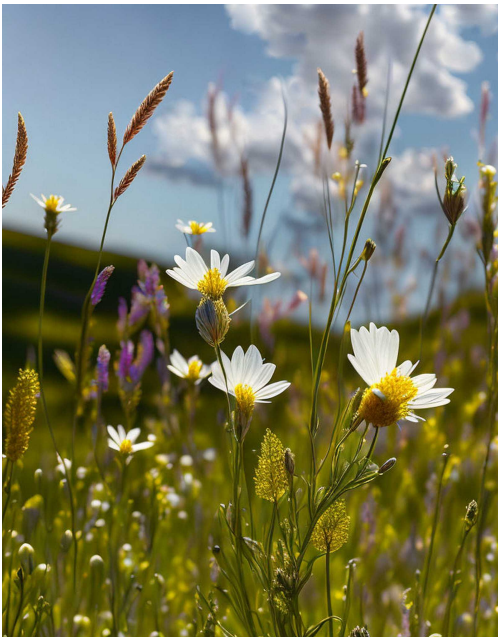
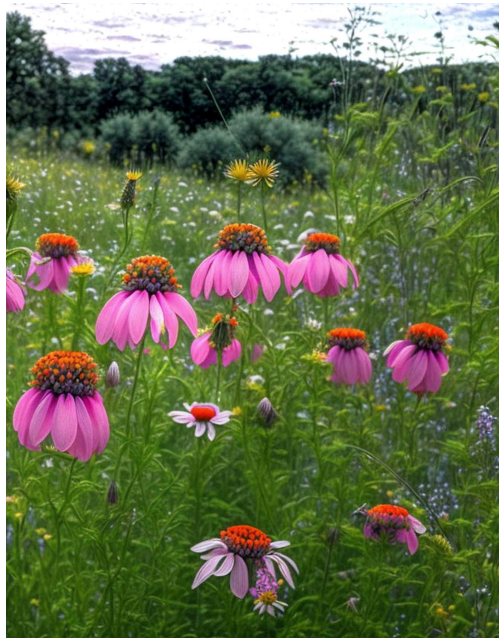
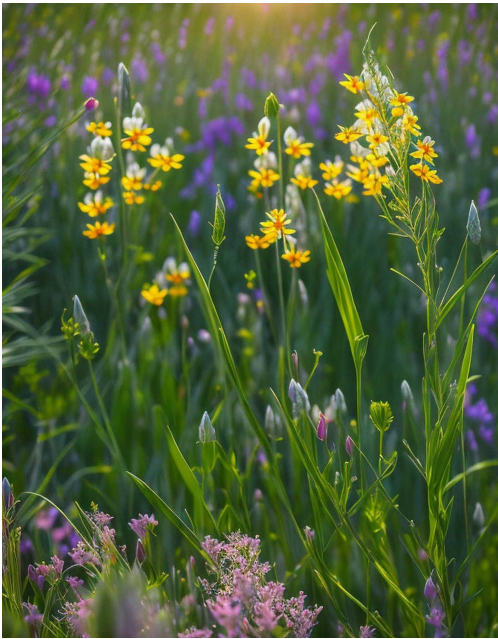


A belief system is, really, mostly a test,
To decide where you belong, in or out of the nest.
Believer or heretic, you take your pick,
If you make the wrong choice, you are out of the clique.

True or false is a notion that we are taught,
But false is really a dangerous thought,
Like the assertion that a belief is just naught,
This will get you in trouble, if you are caught.

You might think that your speech is open and free,
But you will find only anger if you disagree.
For no one will listen if you challenge what's right,
And the more that you argue, the greater your plight.

The choice of beliefs, each group might assess,
But the preference is generally more, and not less.
And when it comes to belief, the worst one is best,
The more preposterous the notion, the better the test.



In the eastern part of the American land,
Was a tallgrass prairie, that stood so grand,
A sea of grasses, wild and free,
A place of life and energy.

The bison roamed, their hooves did tread,
A rhythm kept, the prairie fed,
And native tribes, with ancient lore,
Set fires that burned, to shape the floor.

The flames would cleanse and clear the space,
Of woody growth that found its place,
And left the prairie lush and green,
A wonderland, a living dream.

Wildflowers bloomed in colors so bright,
As birds and butterflies took to flight.
In this vast and open prairie park,
Rose the bright, clear voice of the meadowlark.



Once upon a time a young lass, by name she was Margot,
Walked into the forest, a place she did not know.
Beneath a great oak tree, she found a fairy cave,
Something to explore, because she was so brave.

There fairies of the wood, with wings so very bright,
Danced for our dear Margot, her senses to delight.
Then a host of magic toads also began to croak,
A song within that cave, the cave beneath the oak.

Margot returned to her hidden place, from time to time,
For toads and fairies there were so much fun, and so divine.
They gifted her with trinkets, and jewels they came upon,
Each one a symbol of their friendship, so her heart was won.

Margot never told a soul, of her friends who lived below,
For the world wasn't ready, and no one else should know.
She promised to keep this secret, a pact forever sealed,
So this abode, of fairy and toad, would never be revealed.





In woodland groves, where the fairies play,
Magical toads do croak, at the end of day.
Night comes alive with a wondrous sound,
As creatures of the forest gather 'round.

With nimble feet and flashing light,
Fairies search for trinkets, all through the night,
And they have a very good disguise,
As humans think them fireflies.

And when the night is warm and clear,
Toads come out in numbers, without any fear,
To croak and sing their songs so sweet,
As they dance along, to the fairies' beat.



In hidden caves, beneath ancient trees,
Rest toads and fairies, safe from winter's freeze.
In these cozy homes they pass each day,
And store their treasures, found along the way.



Deep in the forest, where trees are so thick,
The fairy folk dance, a magical trick.
Worldly ways lie far, beyond their bower,
For they have their own realm, and their own power.

But on warm summer days, their hearts long to explore,
They transform into humans, and wander some more,
To nearby towns and villages, for just a while,
Spreading magic and wonder, without any guile.

They walk among town folk, with an ethereal grace,
Their voices like music, their healing touch, an embrace,
And the people who see them, whether glad or contrary,
Are so very blessed, by the sight of a fairy.

But soon it's farewell, to their human guise,
With a promise to return, in some other disguise.
They bring healing magic, as they do roam,
And then they do vanish, to their forest home.



In a small English village, deep in the wood,
Lived Harry, a cobbler, who was so very good.
On one midsummer day, so breezy and so warm,
He met Priscilla, a wood fairy, in her human form.

With one glance, Priscilla, so enchanting and fair,
Won over dear Harry, who found his heart's lair.
But this story, alas, had a cruel fate in store,
For Priscilla just vanished, leaving Harry's heart so sore.

In desperation, Harry roamed through the wood,
There a raging boar mauled him, and that was not good.
Mortally wounded, and left there to die,
The sound of his anguish brought the fairies on nigh.

Then Priscilla appeared, with one wave of her hand,
Harry joined the wood fairies, now part of their band.
The two now live together, with love ever strong,
In woods or in village, they dance all the day long.



37



In fifteen hundred ninety three,
A band of sailors set to sea.
Led by Captain Gregor Sands,
To find the gold of foreign lands.

In rugged seas their ship was tossed,
And all feared, their lives were lost,
Then came a sight, to make them smile,
And they landed on an unknown isle.

The people there were small, indeed,
Their language strange, they could not read.
And when some women came, onboard,
They brought them home, and quite a hoard.

Back in England, one fine day,
They put these people on display.
But those women, that they carried,
Really thought that they were married.



38



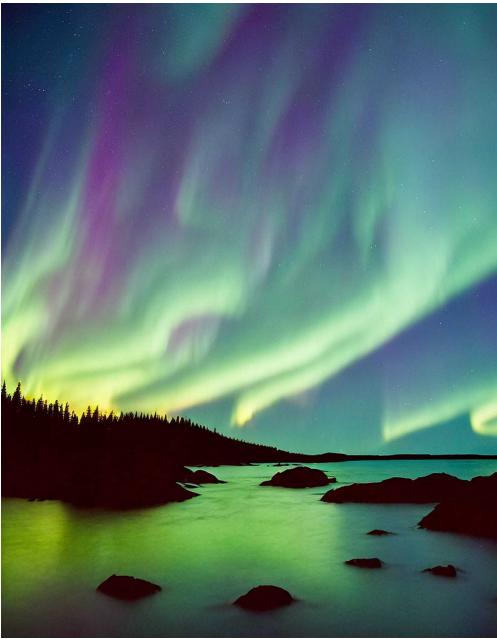
From dragon eggs, of precious gold,
Hatched young dragons, you could hold.
But later problems did arise,
As dragons grew, to fearsome size.

And once released, they flew from towers,
As they took on their magic powers.
No longer friendly nor so tame,
Each dragon played a different game.



In western lands, dragons were feared,
For fiery breath and claws that sheared,
A beast that must be conquered or slain,
Lest they burn all in their domain.

But in the east, they were revered,
Good fortune came, when they appeared,
Majestic creatures with wiser souls,
Who brought us luck, and made us whole.



The solar wind blows toward our sky,
With polar light, to catch the eye,
For the Earth, with its magnetic field,
Has an unseen power, that it does wield.

From deep within our molten ball,
A magnetic field surrounds us all.
It takes charged particles from the sun,
On a poleward journey, every one.

And as this wind comes very near,
It illuminates our atmosphere.
When Aurora stages her heavenly show,
A spectacle of colors ebb and flow.

The Aurora, a wonder to behold,
A sight so magical, that never gets old.
A dance of light, in the dark of night,
A cosmic show, that fills us with delight.



40



A monument is something, that we may leave behind,
To affect the lives and destiny, of ensuing human kind.
Whether it is very great, or even very small,
A monument guides the fate of each of us, and all.

In ancient times, mighty god kings sometimes tried,
To raise their greatness and their glory to the sky,
For each did rule, on this Earth, with a certain sense,
Of their own entitlement, and their permanence.

But behind these ancient structures, untold stories hide,
The lives of a multitude, who served this public pride.
Some were paid for servitude, for food they did obey,
Others owned, or treated rude, through each waking day.

Each pyramid becomes, in time, just more desert sand,
But monument building, as fine art, is very much at hand.
For power always seeks a life, far beyond our mortal span,
And the endowed foundation, in our time, is this kind of plan.



41



In days not long ago, before the recent rise of schools,
A child's path was set, most of all by family rules.
Their parents taught them all, how to work and how to live,
A trade or skill to master, that only they could give.

By apprenticeship, that norm of years now past,
Children learned to perform, each and every task.
A hands-on education, the only way to learn,
To master a useful craft, to think, and to discern.

But in our recent history, factories were built,
And group training was adopted, without remorse or guilt.
Assembled in each classroom, and lined up in each row,
By age-based cohort, children trained what they should know.



At first it seemed a good idea, for the state to teach,
Then came the curriculum, a chance for some to preach.
The parents' role supplanted, by government decree,
Their children now trained and reared, by teaching agency.



42



As I rest here, in a very quiet place,
Memories come alive, that time cannot erase,
Of the old dog at my side, the most loyal friend I know,
And the many places, that this old dog and I did go.

We used to walk together, on a winding woodland path,
And under skies so dark, heard thunder's mighty wrath.
Once we even crossed a lake, of frozen ice and snow,
In a different season, and that was very long ago.

But now my old dog sleeps, more than he does not,
As he nears the end of time, the time that he has got.
Although his steps are slow, and his eyesight dim,
He still wags his tail, when I come close to him.

I stroke his ragged fur, as I think now of our past,
As he breathes in and out, not so steady nor so fast.
And when he falls asleep, his breathing ever slows,
Dreaming of the chase, as time begins to close.





43



In open spaces the soul finds repose,
Views at a distance, far from man's repose.
A place where nature's immensity is plain,
And spirit takes flight, as nothing restrains.

A vision so vast, so large and so grand,
Inspires an awe, yet so daunting a stand,
As the thought of being a speck, and so small,
Comes to the mind, in this realm of the all.

For an endless expanse brings a desolate fear,
As thoughts of the empty void do appear.
But then, a ray of light comes to shine,
To vanquish concern, as nature entwines.



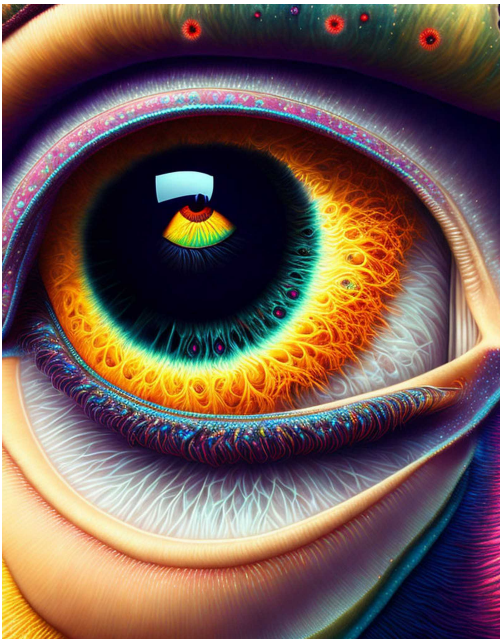
For open places are but a reflection,
Of each soul's great, unbridled connection,
With a universe that extends beyond man's domain,
A vast sanctuary, where each spirit can reign.



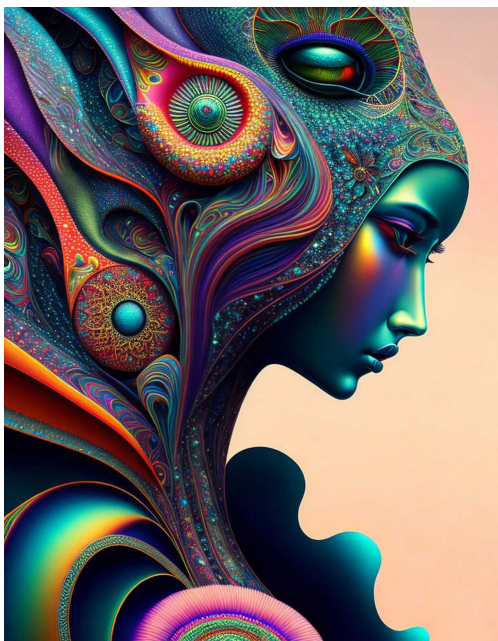
According to that most ancient lore,
Existence and consciousness are at the core.
For the universe itself is so much aware,
And all our experience is just one share.

Also revealed is the all-seeing eye,
Gazing on all, not just from the sky.
It sees all that happens, with its vast perception,
To bring order to chaos, without any exception.

An awareness or consciousness, that does persist,
May permeate all things that appear to exist,
Not just confined to our own earth-bound beings,
But pervading the cosmos, with the sound that it brings.



So what do we learn of this thing we call soul?
A fragment of universe, and part of the whole,
Something eternal, both still and in motion,
And much the same thing, like water and ocean.

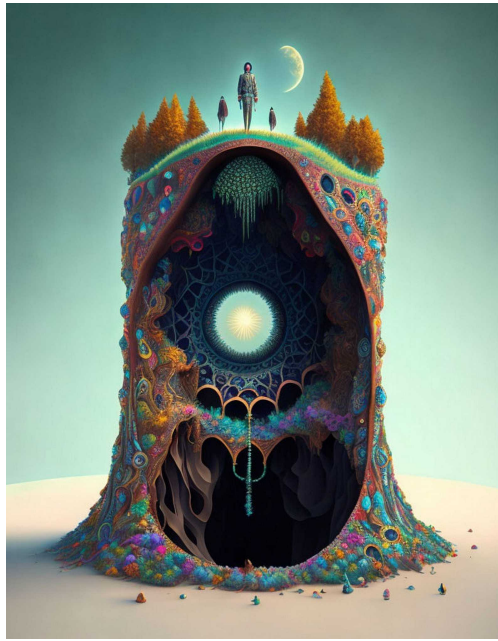


Behold human beings, creatures born of mystery,
A complex organism, and a product of history.
More than just the body's machine,
But something beyond, something not seen.

What is it to be human, you may ask,
Beyond the mundane, and beyond the mask.
To feel, to think, to love, and to dream,
To speak with a voice, or even to scream.

We seem more than creatures of form and desire,
But beings with a power, to reach higher and higher.
Mind and hand join, to learn the unknown,
Striving for wisdom, to make it our own.

We ponder the meaning of life and of death,
Wondering what lies, just beyond our last breath.
We seek connection, we seek to belong,
And we find purpose, as we sing life's song.



46



Deep in the heart of the human frame,
There lies a well, without a name,
A source of life, a fountain of truth,
A place of depth, for the spirit's youth.

The well of the soul, it's said to be,
A place where thoughts and feelings flee,
Where secrets hide, and dreams take flight,
Where the soul can find its own true light.

Its waters run deep, beneath the ground,
And can only be heard by their gentle sound,
A soothing melody, a calming breeze,
A place of peace, for the mind to ease.

At the well's edge, you'll find yourself,
Reflecting on life, your joy and your wealth,
You'll ponder the mysteries, and question the rest,
And find, within you, the answers to test.



47



A human face, as we can see,
Reveals our unique identity.
But more than this, it does emote,
So we can read, what each face wrote.

A smile, a frown, a raised eyebrow,
A tilt of the head, an angry scowl,
Each tells a story, we can't disavow,
A language known, but we don't know how.

Like a mask, it can hide what we hold,
Concealing what we don't want told.
A guise of protection, or message sold,
A shield from judgment, harsh and cold.

With time, the scars of time reveal,
That we grow old, so hard to heal.
But in our youth, as beauty flowers,
A face can wield seductive powers.





48



There once was a young man, who came to Paloma,
With hopes to obtain a music diploma.
But when he arrived, there was a great crowd,
That drowned out his hope, for it was so loud.

For days he appeared forlorn and defeated,
As from all music, his heart sadly retreated.
But then he came up with a much better notion,
To write quieter tunes, with more subtle emotion.

So as he labored, sweet music did come,
Each melody and voice, no more than a hum,
And quiet guitars, with their soft, mellow strum,
But nary a part for a single loud drum.

With no percussion to force a quick race,
Each melody wandered, on its own winding pace.
But the sound of his music still filled the hall,
A contemplative mood, shared with one and with all.



49



In the year eighteen sixteen, summer never came,
And far Mount Tambora was the volcano to blame.
Continental collision was the source, far below,
Driving eruption of this great volcano.

With a blast heard a thousand miles away,
The sky turned dark, and the sun turned grey.
As ash clouds billowed, a sight to be feared,
A death shroud of soot filled the atmosphere.

In the next growing season, crops failed worldwide,
Frozen and cold, they withered and died.
With frost in the summer, no crops could withstand,
There came a dread famine, that no one had planned.

This eruption was of the more frequent kind,
Not a megavolcano, a less likely find.
Yet, with our population, now grown so immense,
We should fear these volcanoes, before they commence.





50



In a faraway land, roamed a traveling zoo,
Filled with strange animals, that no one knew.
With names very weird, like bok, dogot and theer,
They somehow survived, by their keepers were reared.

Some whispered tales of dark magic and spells,
As some of these animals were larger than whales.
Yet as this zoo grew, in size and in numbers,
The keepers would buy only grapes and cucumbers.

Now, it seemed unlikely that creatures like these,
Could survive on this diet, much less walnuts and peas.
And just as it seemed they could fill Noah's Ark,
The travelers decided to build a zoological park.

So they went to the city, a permit to obtain,
But all they received was a look of disdain.
For the keeping of creatures, of whatever source,
Was considered too cruel, and an unkindly course.